

OUR PUMB

Animals

JULY
1955

HAPPY TRIO

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY
for the
PREVENTION of CRUELTY
to ANIMALS
and the
AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY



Baldwin Photo



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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

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The Queen and John Macfarlane

THE Queen we have in mind is H. M. Juliana of the Netherlands, and John C. Macfarlane is known far and wide as the outstanding authority and director of our Society's Department of Livestock Conservation.

They met in June at the Queen's Palace when she granted Mr. Macfarlane a private audience and, from all reports, the Queen enjoyed hearing all about Mr. Macfarlane's work and about humane work in the United States, in general.

For nearly three quarters of an hour these two kindly people talked and when he departed, Her Majesty said, "Do keep me informed of the progress you make in America in obtaining humane slaughter conditions as I'm very much interested."

We are happy for Mr. Macfarlane's opportunity to meet the Queen of the Netherlands personally and we are proud of the international reputation of our Society and grateful for the interest and approval which Queen Juliana gave Mr. Macfarlane's very important study.

It is not every day that the reigning head of a foreign government receives a visiting American humane worker. The fact that she did gave great impetus and stature to Mr. Macfarlane's efforts.

We know of the Queen's great interest in the Dutch S. P. C. A. and in animal welfare in general and we are grateful for the opportunity afforded Mr. Macfarlane of informing the Queen about humane progress in the United States and especially in our own Society.

We salute the House of Orange!

E. H. H.

Invisible Barrier

By J. Holbrook Jewell

THE boundaries of my property are, for the most part, such that my three-year-old child can step over them, yet to Bonnie Bijou there's an invisible barrier which surrounds the yard, through which all other dogs but she may pass. Even when in hot pursuit, when that imaginary fence is reached, she comes to a dead stop and either forgets the chase or waits for the stranger or playmate to return from "off limits" for more play.

Naturally, Bonnie is a remarkable dog; she's ours and I am often surprised to rediscover she has four feet instead of walking on two as do the other members of the family. Perhaps it is her ability to lose her doggy identity and become almost human that makes her such a willing pupil.

The fundamentals of the "property" command were laid in a half hour one Sunday when she was less than six months old. I made up my mind that no car, truck, or stranger was going to harm my dog if it were humanly possible to prevent it, so I took her around the limits of the yard repeating, "property . . . property . . . property" as we circled the periphery three or four times. Then, having established in her mind the confines and word to identify them, I stepped out into the street and called her to me. As she ran to me and arrived at the end of the yard I had the common "No!" and there she stopped and was duly rewarded with ego-inflating pats, caresses and numerous "good girl's." This we repeated several times. After that, when she was let out of the house alone she would be admonished with, "property!"

Bonnie Bijou is now almost four and, with the exception of a few enticements early in her training, has never set foot outside our yard. She never violates her "property" rule except when allowed to ride in the car. The neighbors marvel to see her race to the edge of the yard, stop, and stay, or wriggle up and down the front boundary trying to entice a passing dog to come over to play.

She is not a nuisance to the neighbors or a liability to us and the small amount of effort put into her training has more than paid off in peace of mind as well as protection for the dog.

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Our new Calendar of Animals for 1956 is ready. See the back cover for full details. Order your supply now!

Deeper Than a Well

By Dorothy Rickard

THIS is the story of a dog whose motherly devotion to her puppy proved to be deeper than a well.

It all began when Spot, a mongrel with fox terrier inclinations, had a litter of puppies. Her owners, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Neilson, of Portage, Pennsylvania, found homes for all of them — except Danny, whom they decided to keep.

The puppy, who is black in color, resembled his bulldog father and, in common with most puppies, his chief characteristics were his playfulness and curiosity.

One day the Neilsons were called away from home because of a death in the family. They left the dogs to be fed by a neighbor along with the rest of their stock.

They were absent from home for about a week. When they returned, Danny was gone. In a thorough search of the farm, the Neilsons could find him nowhere. They finally gave up the search, thinking the puppy had either strayed away or had been stolen during their absence.

Then, one day, more than two weeks later, Mrs. Neilson and Spot were visiting with a neighbor. While there the woman gave Spot a crust of bread, which the dog seemed bent on carrying home with her. Returning to the Neilson home through one of the farm fields, Spot, bread in mouth, suddenly bounded off the path. As Mrs. Neilson watched, she saw Spot drop the bread and stand looking down at the ground.

Mrs. Neilson walked over to the high grass where Spot stood and there she

discovered an abandoned well that she hadn't known existed. However, she could see no reason why her dog should drop food down the well and so she and Spot continued home.

Once there, however, Mrs. Neilson couldn't get Spot's curious behavior out of her thoughts. Other incidents over the past two weeks of Spot carrying food away from home came to her mind. When her sixteen-year-old son, Gary, came home from school, Mrs. Neilson sent him out to investigate the old well. Kneeling down on his hands and knees, Gary was able to make out faint whimperings.

He hurried back home to get a flashlight. Back at the well he played the beam of light around the inside. There, on the dry bottom of the abandoned well, he saw Danny sitting crying. Then, came the problem of how to rescue the puppy.

Gary first dropped a rope to the little dog, but, although the dog grasped the rope with bull-like tenacity, he could only hold on while Gary pulled the rope a few feet. Then, Danny would drop to the bottom again.

Finally, the boy lowered a bucket attached to the rope, to the bottom of the well. After some coaxing, Danny crept into it and was hoisted to safety.

Gary shares his hero's laurels with Spot for the fact that the Neilsons have their lively — if not quite so curious — puppy back with them today. He points out that for fifteen days the mother dog, whose love was deeper than a well, made daily trips with part of her food so her puppy would not starve.

SAMPLE COPIES AVAILABLE FOR FRIENDS

We have a few copies of fairly recent issues on hand. If you have a friend or acquaintance, or if you know of anyone at all, who might be interested in subscribing for our magazine, just let us know and we shall be glad to do the rest.

Just send us the name and full address of those persons and we shall, in turn, send a sample copy and subscription blank to each one. We will, of course, not mention your name in this connection.



These three chums, eating from the same dish, illustrate an outstanding example of unusual friendship.

Utterly alien creatures sometimes form —

Unusual Friendships

SOME animals are not notably more sociable than others, yet nearly all of them yearn for companionship. When, for some reason or another they cannot associate with their own kind, they sometimes form lasting and fiercely devoted attachments to creatures utterly alien.

Some animal relationships are of a mutual assistance agreement. Perhaps the most noted of these "I'll-help-you-you-help-me" pacts is that of the fierce crocodile and the small plover. The little bird is permitted to pick morsels of food from the razor-sharp teeth of the mighty reptile without fear of being swallowed. And to pay for the plentiful meal, the bird twitters a warning if danger approaches.

Another "lend-lease" agreement is between the rhinoceros and the African tick bird. This obliging bird rids the rhinoceros of ticks and other annoying insects, and in return the huge beast tolerates the bird for the favor rendered. The birds, in return for their work, have a constant source of food.

In India, there is a certain species of crab which carries a couple of stinging sea-anemones around in its claws as a protective measure. The anemone looks like a beautiful flower, but is really a

poisonous animal. The advantage in this case seems to be one-sided—nothing is gained by the anemone in this strange relationship.

The three-toed sloth, who spends most of its lazy life hanging from the branches of trees would be an easy prey for many animals were it not for the odd friendship between it and great colonies of gray-green algae. These algae are almost the exact shade of certain plants upon which the sloth lives, therefore, they make a perfect camouflage for the sloth, and it in return furnishes them a good home.

The giant clams off the Australian coast would not be nearly so large were it not for the assistance given them from little algae which grow inside the shells of the clams. The ocean algae supply oxygen to the huge bivalves.

No one has been able to figure out what advantage either the rattlesnake or armadillo gain by associating together, yet they are frequently found occupying the same underground home.

Like many human friendships, some animals friendships are not to be accounted for either by the theory of protection, mutual aid, or loneliness. For example, not many years ago a Spitz

dog in Atlanta, Georgia, adopted a cat and soon afterward took upon herself the care of two young mice. She seemed to know instinctively that cats and mice were not usually good friends, yet she managed to teach her foster children to respect one another and live harmoniously together.

There are authentic records where milch cows have adopted orphaned calves, fawns and moose calves. Dog mothers have adopted baby coyotes and cat mothers have adopted baby skunks.

One outstanding example of unnatural friendship was in Southwest Texas, where a Brahma cow adopted a mule colt. The colt's mother died, and no one could say just how the adoption came about, but the cow raised the colt and was fiercely devoted to it.

A rancher in Texas raised a litter of dogs and hogs together. The pups and pigs played together as one big happy family. When in trouble, if a pup called for help, the pigs would invariably rush to the rescue.

Given the opportunity, almost any combination may develop friendship between one kind of creature and another, just as between people and any kind of animal.



"Bill" and "Coo"

FROM seven decks up, in the busy Communications Office of the United States Coast Guard headquarters, Washington, D. C., came the story of how Mr. and Mrs. (Bill and Coo) Pigeon kept house. It seems that one day Coo tapped on the window and attractive Spar Ensign Dorothy Egger opened the window and invited her in. Next day, Mrs. Coo came back with Bill, her mate, bearing twigs. Inside the office, they set to work building a nest in a wooden nut dish atop a filing cabinet.

Then came the eggs. Mr. and Mrs. Pigeon were a happy couple and one day two white eggs appeared in the nest. Each morning and afternoon thereafter, Bill Pigeon flew up to the seventh deck, tapped on the window and Spar Ensign Egger let him in. And so, at regular intervals, the watch changed in the pigeon home. Father Pigeon took over the egg-setting duty and Mother flew off for chow with a gay flip of her wings. Either Bill Pigeon was a model husband or his wife had him well in hand.

After she finished her meal of peanuts, bugs, or other pigeon delicacies, Coo would wing back, tap on the window and resume her watch over the two white eggs. This always freed Bill for a few hours and he took off to join the boys in



the park. But every night it was Bill who sat out the night watch. Where his spouse spent the "lights out" period nobody ever knew.

The pictures show how Bill came in to take over the watch, at which time Coo would flutter out on a foraging expedition, and again how Coo would take over on the nest while Bill went out with the fellows.

"Whiskers" Finds a Way

HOW do dogs find their way back to a home where they have lived before? Sometimes the distance they must travel is hundreds of miles, but there have been cases of dogs showing this great endurance and perseverance. But, here is another question. How would a dog find its way to a home place that he had never seen, in order to be with his own people?

Whiskers was a stray, with several nationalities behind him. He had very long black whiskers which contrasted with his buff-colored coat, and gave him his name. He lived with his people in Colorado. That is, he called them his people because he had adopted them. He thought they liked him because they gave him nice bones and let him sleep on the enclosed porch.

But one day, Whiskers noticed a great deal of rushing about

By Mildred Morse

and banging of doors and roaring of motors and, then, his beloved family went away. He had learned when very young to get along as best he could, but now he really missed his adopted family.

Thus it was that one cold day, about two months later, the Wilsons were astonished to see a strange and yet familiar-looking dog come slowly up the driveway. He limped and he was very weary. But his eyes carried a light of relief and satisfaction when he realized that he had found the way, after so many weary miles. His master and mistress are still marvelling at the fact that he found their new home, thirty miles away from their old one. They had forgotten him in the rush of moving and he must already have left the vicinity of the old home when they went back to look, but now they would make it up to him.

I COULD weep! I perform a feat in horsemanship worthy of a dozen yards of film and my only audience is a flock of chickens, a pair of blasé dogs and one disinterested duck.

The incident which rocketed me into the class of professional performers occurred when Hildagarde, the mare, went berserk. But perhaps for the sake of clarity, I should detail events which, coupled with Mr. Blue's antics, led up to my fling at higher athletics.

We have on our farm several large sycamore trees that shade the dooryard and a portion of a small pasture at the west of the house. This year, for convenience sake, we stacked our surplus hay under the largest of these. The man we hired to do the job, an itinerant worker, had little experience but a lot of imagination. Instead of the oblong, favored in these parts, he chose in our absence, to erect something that resembled a cross between a teepee and an Egyptian tomb.

Neither Jack nor I was pleased with the freak, but the pyramid soon proved a source of delight to Mr. Blue. Not only could he reach the top by pulling himself up, bale by bale but once on the Pinnacle, he could step on to one of the lower and larger limbs of the sycamore, walk to its juncture with the trunk, turn and walk back with almost the agility of Pumpkin, the cat. I say "almost" because on the day of my unprecedented ride, he lost his footing and . . .

But getting back to Hildagarde. Ordinarily, I ride her along the irrigation ditch, but this time I decided a few turns about the small pasture would be sufficient to limber her up.

Hilda hadn't been off the place for several weeks and I could tell after the first turn around the pasture, that she was disappointed. She's a gal who likes to go places when she's saddled and bridled and the small pasture was "but nowhere" according to her lights. She kept tossing her head and pulling on the reins, all the while making a whistling sound through her nostrils.

"All right, run if you want to," I said, and gave her her head.

With a bound, she was away, breaking from a rack to a lope and increasing her speed with every stride. As she neared the end of the pasture and the sycamore tree she was in full gallop and giving no indication of stopping for the fence. Getting a firm grip on the reins, I stood up in the stirrups and pulled with all my strength. With a snort, she reared, came down stiff-legged and slid to a stop inches from the vicious barbed wire.

At that precise moment, Mr. Blue, who was "making like a monkey," lost his balance and came crashing out of the tree. His first stop on the way down was Hilda's neck, which he straddled for a brief second before dropping to the soft earth. Frightened by this unexpected attack from above, Hilda screamed and reared, nearly throwing me over backward. The next thing I knew, she was pitching and bucking like a raw, unbroken colt.

How long this went on, I can't even guess—too long, judging by my still stiff joints, and then, with head down, she was racing for the shed. The bucking was bad enough, but if I didn't stop her or slide off before she entered the shed, I could expect to be swept from the saddle by the low beams at the door.

Since I could neither control her nor dismount, my only chance of preserving my dentures lay in grasping the cross-beam as she plunged through. Fortunately, she stumbled as she entered the stall, which gave me the time I needed to kick out of the stirrups and reach for the two-by-four.

For perhaps thirty seconds I hung there while Mr. Blue,

"Mr. Blue"

Plays

Tarzan

By Ina Louez Morris



"Want me to show you how it's done?" says Mr. Blue.

apparently thinking I was enjoying some new kind of game, bounced around under me, barking and frightening Hilda out of what remained of her senses.

Shouting for him to get out of the way, I dropped to the ground, staggered to the rail fence and hung there, being very, very sick. I was sitting on the top step of the back porch holding my head, when Jack drove in a few minutes later.

"What's the matter?" he asked, looking his alarm.

In jerks, I told him what had happened, while Mr. Blue sat with his head on my knee, taking in every word. When I'd finished, he seemed to think it was his turn to confound my husband. Running over to the pyramid, he began climbing. Halfway up, he stopped and looked down as though to say, "Watch me—look, I can climb this thing and walk out on a limb!"

With help, I got to my feet and stumbled to the door.

"Wait a minute," Jack said, interested. "Let's watch this."

By that time, Mr. Blue had reached the top and was venturing out on the limb.

"You watch him," I said disgruntled. "I've had enough of his acrobatics for one day."

Ming Came to Stay

By Ruth Gosnell

MING is a Siamese cat. She came to stay at our house several years ago and things haven't been the same since. For instance, breakfast used to be scheduled for eight o'clock or thereabouts. Well, that hour is still convenient for the human members of the family, but daily at six in the morning, Ming decides she's hungry. Then, unless one likes to have one's stomach kneaded or a cheek patted none too gently by a paw with claws in action or have a ten-pound weight descend upon the chest, it is better to grope one's way to the refrigerator and portion out the right amount of food so that the little darling's hunger can be satisfied and the rest of us can catch another hour's sleep.

Siamese cats are supposed to be the aristocrats of catdom, but Ming forgets her dignity when she leaps from the desk to the top of the piano, then via the back of a chair to the window sill where, tail enormous and with growls in her throat, she flirts with a ruffled curtain. She adores skidding across a waxed floor with bristling tail and arched back, pretending she's making her way to meet some fierce enemy on the other side of the room. A piece of newspaper on a string becomes a punching bag which she whacks with one paw and then the other, only to ignore it for a bit and then return to give it another workout. In her more pensive moods she sits straight and still, gazing into space and thinking cat thoughts or wondering whether 'twould be better just to sit or to find a cozy spot for a cat nap.

Ming, alas, doesn't seem to know the difference between a symphony orchestra and a boogie-woogie band. When it became apparent that the chair-side radio was a favorite resting place, we had fond hopes that she might be enjoying a Bach concerto rather than the latest dance rhythms, but we soon learned that the warmth produced by the radio tubes was pleasing her and not the sounds the loud speaker was sending forth.

The author of the old saying, "Curiosity killed the cat," must have been on familiar terms with one of the crea-

tures for there are times when our member of the Siamese branch of the family displays too much curiosity for her own good. Every package, paper bag, book or magazine must be duly sniffed and inspected. Whether an object be placed on the floor or at a spot nearest the ceiling makes not a particle of difference. It is her duty to become acquainted with whatever enters her domain.

The typewriter proved to be of great interest until she got hit in the nose with the type, after which she stayed at a discreet distance. The electric sweeper continues to intrigue her and she follows

it along on cleaning day, putting forth her most venomous defense action, sometimes losing part of a nail when it gets too close and she spitefully uses her claw to strike at it. She has been duly reprimanded when found sitting in the middle of the freshly done laundry, or sleeping serenely on a new black velvet hat (and looking very handsome, by the way) or pressing wrinkles in the top coat of a guest, but she is not at all disturbed by scoldings. In fact, she looks at us disdainfully and probably wonders what all the fuss is about.

Our cat can be dignified or a perfect scatterbrain. At times, she is definitely stand-offish, but usually is a most affectionate and cuddly creature. She can hold her own end of a conversation quite effectively—in fact, the variety of cat-language at her disposal never ceases to surprise and amuse us. She has managed the household for some time and gives every evidence of continuing to do so for the duration of her nine lives. Ming has definitely come to stay.



Then, too, Ming is a decided ornament in the household.

Boy Meets Dog

By Charles E. Butler

WHAT is the most wonderful thing in the world?" was asked of a small boy. "The light in my dog's eyes," was his ready reply.

Owning a pet is a great source of delight and comfort to a child. Taking care of him, seeing that the animal gets the right kind of food, keeping him clean by bathing and brushing, and sharing comforts with the pet is a good lesson for the child, as well as an excellent character builder. Watching over his pet's needs makes a big impression on the growing child—he becomes conscious of his own cleanliness, his own looks, his own behavior, in relation to his sound health.

A dog is about the best possible pet for a boy or a girl. Every small boy needs a real, true friend and a boon companion. Many times in his early years, a boy feels a bit lonely. Have you ever heard a boy pleading with his father. "Please, Dad, may I have a dog?"

The affection he craves may not be forthcoming from his human environment and so he seeks solace in the friendship of a pet. A boy needs a strong, loyal friend all his own, a dog he can love and talk to, and take with him on his hikes—a dog who will sleep near him in the dark night and give him security and peaceful rest.

After attending to his dog day after day, playing with the animal, the boy finds loyal, unfailing companionship and affection. Best of all, perhaps, is the feeling of being loved and wanted that this care of a dependent creature creates in the pet's owner. Affection for a dog arouses a child's own love and loyalty, also his tenderness, kindness,



A boy needs a dog he can talk to and love.

helpfulness and spiritual sense of sharing with all other living things.

It was my own pleasure to watch Bud and cocker Sandy go down to the lake for a swim. Bud would swim out to the raft and after splashing about in the water, sit on the float. Sandy would watch quietly from the beach, but after a time would take off for the raft, swim around it, look things over to be sure all was well and then swim back to the shore and take up his watch again. There the faithful little creature would sit until Bud got safely ashore. Then what a dashing about, jumping at his master and yelping of joy!

A story is told about Abraham Lincoln when he was a boy. The Lincoln family were on the move. The group had broken a route across the ice-covered Wabash river and were proceeding northward when the boy discovered that his little dog, Spot, was missing, having been left behind on the opposite shore. Little Abe pulled off his boots, rolled up his pants legs and waded through icy water to rescue the animal.

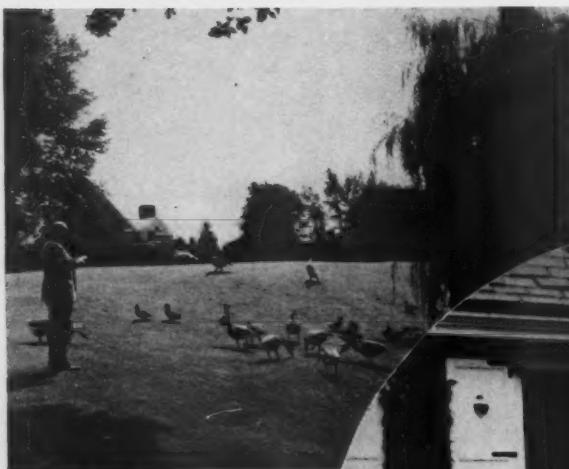
"I could not endure the idea of abandoning my little dog," Abe said later, "I triumphantly returned with the shivering animal under my arm. His frantic leaps of joy and other evidence of gratitude amply repaid me for all the exposure I had undergone."

The spice of life is competition. A boy will fight for his dog and his dog will lay down his life for his young master. Some day, when the boy feels that all the world has turned against him, the one creature he loves, his faithful dog, will come and, reclining at his feet, give his young master new faith, hope and courage. People may say sharp words, hurt a boy's feelings, betray a trust, abandon him to a cold, unfriendly world. But not his dog.

The basic juvenile needs of every boy are affection, security, freedom, and happiness. All these may be developed largely through fellowship with his pet. His dog may teach him more character traits than all other forces that rub shoulders with him in his day-by-day growing-up experiences.



The graceful lines of home and stables nestle naturally into the rolling landscape. Ultimately these buildings and most of the 220 acres will come to the Society, in accordance with the terms of Mr. Macomber's will, to be used in connection with our work.



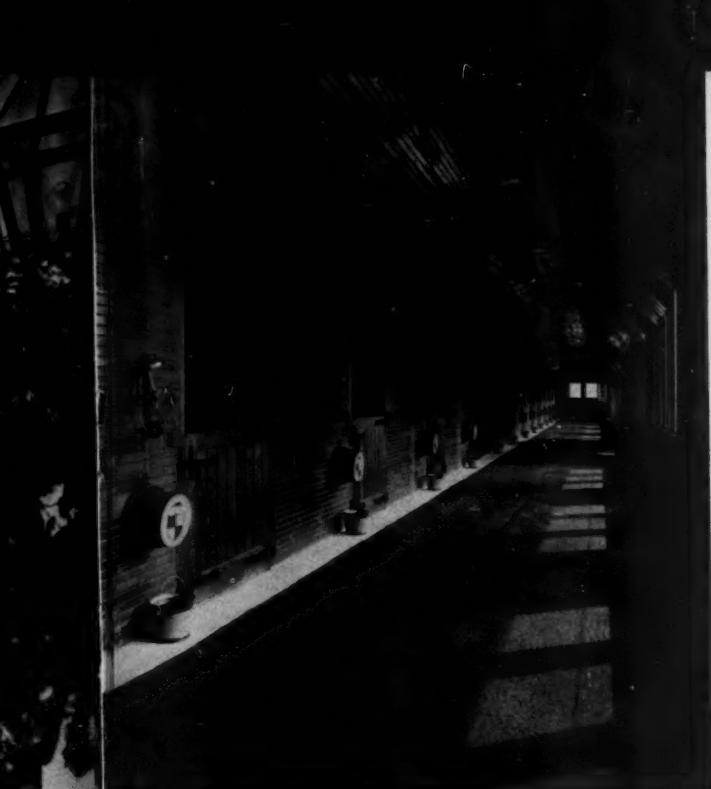
Both wild and domestic fowl live in harmony on the estate's ponds and used to come at Mr. Macomber's call.

(Circle) On his horse, "Golden Miller," Mr. Macomber regularly rode over his estate.



A perfect sanctuary for wild life, this pond is situated at the outskirts of the 220-acre estate where birds and animals live in peace.





Horse stables form the major portion of the main building. Ultimately, horses retired with our Society will spend the rest of their days here.

John R. Macomber

1875 - 1955

Former Chairman of the Trustees of our Permanent Funds, whose famed estate, "Raceland," will remain a real sanctuary for animals, both domestic and wild.

Mr. Macomber with two of his devoted companions.

JOHN RUSSELL MACOMBER — financier, philanthropist and great humanitarian — passed away May 11, 1955. For nearly forty years he was a Director and Trustee of the Permanent Funds of our Societies and we never had a more interested or devoted friend. His kindness to everyone connected with our organizations was unvarying—he always found time to see us when we needed his advice, which was often, and his steady hand on the helm made our course much easier to steer.

We used to look forward to visits with him at his famed estate, "Raceland," located at Framingham, Massachusetts. There he could enjoy the companionship of his beloved horses, dogs and birds. It would be impossible to estimate what his interest in our work has meant to these Societies or what his personal friendship meant to our predecessor, Dr. Rowley, and later to ourselves and to our colleagues. His passing has been a deep loss, not only to our Societies, but also to the many other philanthropies that had his interest.

For ourselves, only a feeling of deep, personal sorrow. We have lost the sound of his voice, the friendly greetings and the joy of regular business and social contact, but we know we can *never* lose the realities which gave these things meaning. For human beings and animals alike, this world is a better place in which to live, thanks to the noble life of John R. Macomber.

E. H. H.





Dr. Eric H. Hansen (center) discusses Kindness Week on the Julie 'n' Johnny program.

Kindness Week Observance

EACH year the observance of Be Kind to Animals Week, a celebration originally sponsored by our Society forty-one years ago, grows larger and larger. It has become a recognized, nation-wide observance set apart for special consideration of our animal friends.

Humane societies, particularly, but also schools, churches and civic organizations in every part of the country have shown, each year, an increasing interest and a wider participation in this celebration. This is perhaps best emphasized by the press of cities and towns which has given so generously of its space to editorials, news stories, cartoons and illustrations, stressing the importance of all kinds of activities aimed at the better treatment of our animal friends. To radio and television studios, also, great credit is due for their cooperation in the allotment of time for broadcasts directed toward the celebration.

Kindness Week has long been accepted as an annual feature by school authorities in the Commonwealth and it has also received the endorsement of governors of states, mayors of cities and other public officials.

In Massachusetts, Governor Christian A. Herter issued a proclamation setting aside the week for celebration and congratulating our Society for its role as originator and continual sponsor of Be Kind to Animals Week.

Following the Governor's lead, officials of many of our cities and towns issued proclamations urging citizens to observe the occasion.

As in previous years, our American Humane Education Society issued special leaflets for use during the Week. These were circulated throughout the schools and were in such demand by teachers that many thousands of leaflets were sent out, not only in Massachusetts but in answer to many requests all over

the country. Also, posters and other literature were distributed to schools and libraries far and wide.

For many years, our state-wide poster contest for school children has been an integral part of the Kindness Week celebration. Some 5,000 posters were received from several hundred schools as well as a large number from Tokyo, Japan.

All during the week, our "Open House" attracted a multitude of visitors, who came to view the posters, our hospital, and view our Society's motion pictures, whose great variety of animal subjects have created wide interest for old and young alike.

Outstanding during the week were the daily radio broadcasts featured throughout the State. Radio and television stations were most generous in donating time and we wish to express our appreciation for their generosity. Five television broadcasts were scheduled, including John C. Macfarlane, ANIMAL FAIR, WBZ-TV; Albert A. Pollard, guest on the Louise Morgan show, WNAC-TV; Dr. A. R. Evans on "Western Massachusetts Highlights," WHYN-TV; Mrs. C. B. Kibbe, WHYN-TV; Charles Marsh, WWLP-TV.

Radio broadcasts included Virginia Hancock, guest over WMEX; William A. Swallow, guest on the "Children's Playhouse," over WHDH; Mary Hagelston, guest on the Louise Morgan Show, WNAC; J. Robert Smith, guest on Mildred Carlson's "Home Forum," WBZ; Lester A. Giles, Jr., guest on WVDA; Virginia Hancock, guest on the Mildred Bailey program, WCOP; Harold G. Andrews, WOCB; John T. Brown, WSEX; John C. Macfarlane, WGAN, Portland, Maine; Dr. Eric H. Hansen and Harry C. Smith, guests on the Julie and Jonnie program, WTAG; Joseph E. Haswell, WCCM; Charles Brown, WARA and WNBB; T. King Haswell, WBRK-WEBC and WMNB; Mrs. C. B. Kibbe, WHYN; Dr. Robert L. Leighton, WMAS; and spot announcements over WSPR, WEEI, WORL, WCCM and WLLH.

Once again the Week was celebrated by an assembly held as usual at the Museum of Natural History and Art, in Holyoke. Boys and girls representing schools in Holyoke and surrounding territory received prizes of magazine subscriptions for their achievements in advancing kindness to animals and their interest in nature study and conservation.

And in addition, attractive window displays of posters and other literature pertaining to kindness to animals were set up in Boston and other cities of the Commonwealth.

Collie Rescues Master

THAT dogs are courageous wherever they are found is evidenced by a story published recently in a newspaper from Hagerstown, Md. Bozo, three-year-old collie and devoted companion of Frank L. Beard, a farmer in that area, was credited with saving his master's life when a huge bull cornered and attacked his master.

The bull had Mr. Beard down and was goring and pawing him when Bozo, responding to his master's cries, ran into the barnyard, leaped on Mr. Beard's chest and warded off blows from the bull while snapping at the animal's head. The bull backed away momentarily, just long enough for the dog to lure the animal away from his master. The bull, stung by the bites inflicted and the continuous barking of Bozo, turned his attention to his four-legged adversary, who was able to hold off the bull and give Mr. Beard sufficient time to drag himself to the gate, which he succeeded in closing and latching just in time as the bull again lowered its head charged after his original foe.

Mr. Beard lay outside the gate for some time, his one leg having been injured and his body covered with bruises and lacerations.

Bozo, in the meantime, had leaped the barnyard fence and had run to the house. His barks outside the door attracted Mrs. Beard who sensed something wrong. She hurried to the barnyard, found her husband and assisted him to the house.

Mr. Beard said the bull had never before shown any indications of being cross, until the animal had sneaked up and attacked him. The farmer had been leaning over and had not seen the bull approach him until he was toppled to the ground and found himself looking at the bull standing over him.

It was then that he had called for Bozo and the dog, trained to go into the field at his master's command and bring in the livestock, rushed to the rescue. Risking his own life, the dog confronted the enraged beast from atop his master's chest. Snapping at the same time at the bull's head and legs, the dog succeeded in having the bull turn his attention and thereby undoubtedly saved Mr. Beard's life.

Mr. Beard is at present confined to his bed under a doctor's care and Bozo is keeping vigil at the bedside.

Who is there to say that dogs, and Bozo is a wonderful example, do not repay their masters for any kindness shown them.



And here is Lady, in person, waiting for her master.

Perfect Little Lady

By N. S. Langdon

NOTHING can give more pleasure to a house guest than the good behavior and nice manners of the child in the home. This is equally true when it happens to be a dog instead of a child. I know, for I visited in the home of Lady, the best behaved little cocker spaniel it was ever my pleasure to know.

I didn't realize her fine qualities at first, not until I noticed a dog in the next block run, barking, after every person and car that passed.

I said to Lady's mistress, "Lady doesn't ever do like the neighbor's dog. In fact, she scarcely barks at all. How do you explain it?"

"Oh, we taught her as a puppy," she said, "not to bark at people. We did this by clasping our hands together over her jaws and saying, 'be quiet, Lady.' It wasn't long until she got the idea that barking at people is rude."

Lady has but one regular meal a day, a full can of dog food at bedtime, followed by the command, "go to bed." A bowl on the kitchen floor is kept filled with fresh water in case she gets thirsty any time, night or day.

Every weekday, as noontime draws near, Lady lies down out in front of the house and peers up the road for her master. She always gauges the time exactly right. How she does it, no one has been able to figure out.

She loves to go with her family in the car and her place, she has been taught, is on the back seat. Sometimes it happens that her company is not wanted. Then it is pathetic to see the sad look in her eyes when told that she can't go. Her joy knew no end one day when she went along to the river on a fishing trip. She bounded all over, through the underbrush and weeds, and was she a sight! Her beautiful black coat was full of cockleburs and sticktights and the curls on her ear flaps were matted with beggar's lice. It took a week of hand picking to rid her of these unwanted attachments.

Lady has but one pet peeve and that is any stray animal who dares to set foot on her property. She immediately chases it out of the yard and keeps up a vigil to see that it doesn't return.

Lady is no gadabout. The only jaunt she indulges in is a swing around the block. A neighbor on the next corner noticed that the dog trotted across her lawn about the same time every morning. Being without a telephone she adopted the custom of attaching a note to Lady's harness. Upon her return home, Lady's mistress removes and reads the message. This is a fitting service and Lady is only too glad to oblige—and it does fit in with her master's occupation. He is a mailcarrier.



17 YEARS YOUNG is "Reikie," this cairn terrier owned by one of our Society's good friends, Mr. Arthur M. Wiggin. Shown at the left is our Essex county agent, John T. Brown, who dropped in to extend his congratulations.

Off the Record

Reports from Our Agents

DRAMATIC evidence of the need for more humane education in our public schools is the report which grew out of a woman's call to police in Berkshire county to report that boys had set a fire in the rear of a school. Investigating police found four teenagers, a can of gasoline, a piece of rubber hose, a partly-burned sack and a badly-burned cat. The cat was immediately put out of its misery by the officers, who then contacted us. None of the boys would admit the act, but there was such strong evidence that the Chief of Police took out complaints against all the boys.

In court, after hearing the defense attorneys, our agent, and the Police Chief, the Judge called the parents of the boys to the stand to give an explanation of their sons' behavior, which they were at a loss to do.

Then, after verbally tearing the hide off the offenders, the Judge placed them on probation for three years, terms to be decided by the probation officer, and a report to be made to the Court in six months.

Among other things, the Judge remarked that he wished he might have the boys' pictures and the transcript of the trial on the front pages of the local papers, so that they might be shunned and pointed out as "the boys who burned the cat," but since this was a juvenile case, it was impossible.

To quote our agent, "Personally, I would rather have had other punishment than the verbal overhauling given by the Judge, if I had been a defendant."

Court also requested that copies of *OUR DUMB ANIMALS* be mailed to all the boys, and that they be *read*. This was done immediately and will be repeated.

Incredible as it seems, even persons who work with, and raise, animals for a living can be extremely cruel and neglectful. Not long ago, a kennel owner was fined \$25.00 in court for shooting a dog and leaving it to suffer.

As a result of his conviction, the man's kennel license was revoked and he will not be able to get another for two years, which means he must dispose of his present kennel.

Our agent will make sure these dogs fall into kindlier hands.

Shop Talk

DOCTOR Margaret Petrak of the staff of our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital maintains cordial relationships with a group of nurses from the Deaconess Hospital here in Boston, headed by Miss Ellen D. Howland, Assistant Director, School of Nursing. Many similar groups from neighboring institutions often visit our Society headquarters for a free exchange of ideas

and information, and to compare first aid and hospital care for animals with that for human patients. The nurses find that it is remarkably similar.

Mr. Albert A. Pollard, Director of Education, points out that such visits by interested groups are welcomed, for they stimulate concern for and better understanding of animals and all activities related to them.



For Example

By Albert A. Pollard, Director of Education

KINDNESS lessons or talks, as our Society gives them, reinforced with movies on animals and a tour through our Hospital, apparently strike both the young people and their teachers and leaders as an exciting and worthwhile experience. You can tell this from their thank-you notes: "I enjoyed my visit so much, and I know the other kids did, too."

"We liked the things you talked about, and you taught us a lot about animals."

"I know we should take care of our pets and be kind to all animals."

"The visit through the hospital seeing the sick animals getting better was wonderful, and I hope we did not upset them."

Of course, not all of you can come to Boston, so we have many ideas and suggestions to help you leaders plan a program to develop attitudes of consideration and kindness to all forms of life. For example, much is being done through cooperative enterprise with several women's clubs to accomplish these objectives. These women evidently join us in believing that the world will continue to be dark and grim unless the principles of brotherhood, justice and mercy become part of every child's education. As such children mature, they may ultimately banish cruelty, race prejudice and war from the world.

One instance of a successful joint effort is the annual Be Kind to Animals Essay Contest sponsored by the Reading, Massachusetts, Women's Club working with the Reading public schools. For the 4th year, winners were awarded their prizes (animal storybooks, engraved pins, and subscriptions to *OUR DUMB ANIMALS* magazine) at an assembly of pupils, friends and proud parents.

Mrs. Henry Grebenstein, President of the Women's Club, spoke briefly on the purpose of the program and its impon-



In the foreground are the rightfully proud winners of the Essay Contest and members of the play cast, while behind them stand members of the Reading Woman's Club and our Mr. Pollard.

tance, and then introduced us. We told of our Society's observance of this Week, mentioning the Poster Contest now in its 41st year and attracting entries from as far away as Japan! Then we presented a bronze pin to Alan Fowler and a year's subscription to this magazine to Karen Johnson; they were the Reading winners in our Society's Poster Contest. We also called attention to the effort and time so generously donated to the Reading Essay Contest by the judges: Miss Grace Abbott, Miss Elizabeth Daggigian, and Mrs. Clifford Templeton.

The prize-winning authors were Linda Flodin, Pauline Magrane, Barbara Pock, Judith Sanford, Barbara Lehr, Terry Ryan, Judith Kay, Linda Cagnola, Frederick Brown, William Frater, Diana Steward, Judith Chapin, Ann Howarth, Peter Poehler, Linda Dickman, Virginia Gilbert, Susan Doherty, Jane Pheeney, Sharyn Spousta, Diana MacGillivray, Richard Holt, Brian Eastman, Joan Loddell, Charles Kalipolis, Ralph Benjamin, Judith Maxwell, Frances Platt, Dorothy Blanchard, Lesley Thornton, Tabor Tin-

ney, Diane Comstock, Jill Lougee, Candy Hitchcock, Joan Wilkinson, Edward Ellis, Muriel Duff, Charlotte Hampton, Carol Stark, Ronald Mick, Mary Halpin, James Carroll, Rosemary Devaney, Pamela Parker, Joseph O'Gorman, Fraser MacDonald and Daniel Griffin.

With smiling faces and amid much applause, these boys and girls accepted the awards and thanked Mrs. Grebenstein, Mrs. Harry Merchant, Jr., and Mrs. Earl F. Sampson, the committee who arranged the contest.

To top off the assembly, other children presented a one-act play about St. Francis of Assisi, titled "One Morning Long Ago," obtained from our Society. Ably coached by Miss Priestly, teacher of Grade 4, the cast consisted of Brian Carr as St. Francis, Judy Copp as the narrator, and Richard Converse, Leslie Kyle, Charles Call, Carmen Burridge, Diane Croce, Lana Hodson, Carol Vare, and Marcia Emerson. Larry Horn was responsible for the sound effects. All received loud applause for their skillful interpretation of a meaningful scene.

Off the Record

AJUNK collector, who was driving a blue roan gelding in a western Massachusetts city, was halted by an agent of our Society. In a routine check of the horse, our agent found that the bit in the horse's mouth was wrapped with short pieces of wire which had sharp edges exposed. Our agent had the

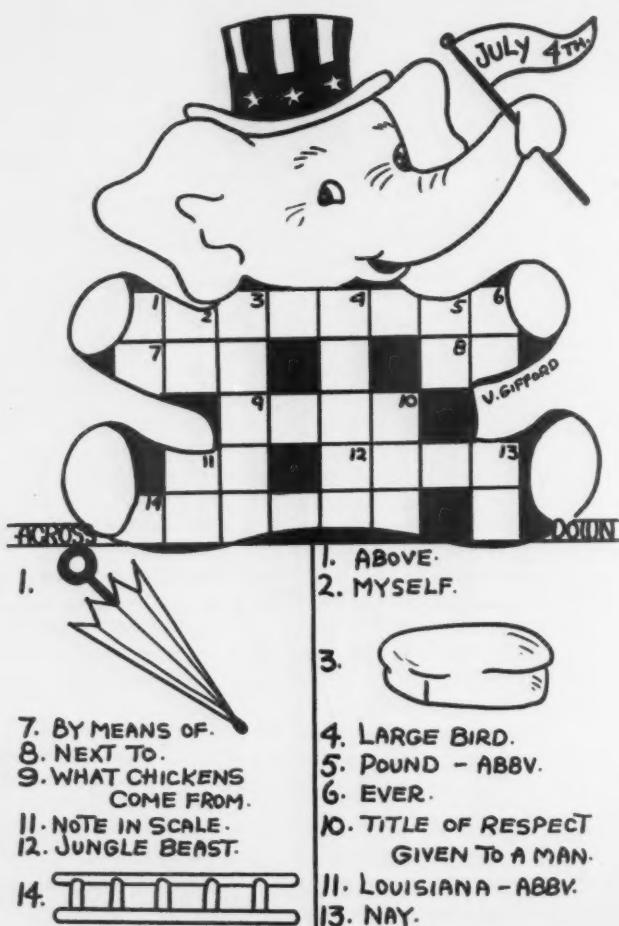
wire immediately removed and sternly warned the owner-driver against repeating this cruelty. The driver was advised he would receive a summons to court.

Since the horse's mouth had not been cut, a complaint could not be issued, although the horse was in agony. Instead, a hearing to show cause was held.

Reports from Our County Agents

At the hearing, since this was the man's first offence and the horse had no visible injury, the City Clerk ruled that having the defendant bring a bit to our agent for his inspection and approval would suffice. But the Clerk added that he would not be so lenient in the event of a future violation.

CHILDREN'S



Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month

Poor Turtle

By Manuel Duarte (11)

LAST summer, early in the morning, a trap boat brought a large turtle to the town wharf. It took quite a few men to haul it up. After they hauled it up, they weighed it on the fishing scales. They put it in the middle of the wharf so the people could look at it. I thought it was cruel to let the boys jump on and kick it. I thought that if they would let it go in the water, it would go where it belonged. But later a truck came and took it away to some place. If I had the power, I would let it go free where it wanted to go.

ANSWERS TO JUNE PUZZLE: Across—1. A.M., 3. panda, 5. heel, 7. ten, 8. or, 9. knife, 11. yd. Down—1. adore, 2. Ma, 3. penny, 4. Al, 5. ht., 6. eek, 8. of, 10. I'd.

A Summertime Hint

By Clarence M. Lindsay

When the summer sun is glowing
And the earth is parched and hot,
We can set cool water flowing
To make easier our lot.

But our bird friends round us thronging
Often lack the fountain cool;
And with drooping wings are longing
For a sip from sparkling pool.

Why not, then, when sunbeams burn the
Lawn until we nearly swoon,
For our feathered songsters turn the
Sprinkler on each afternoon?

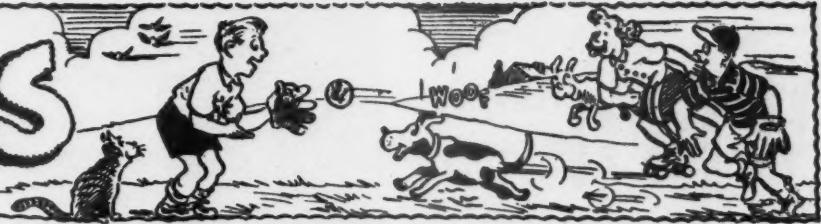
If you have a pool, that's dandy;
If you have none, you could fill
Pans with water to keep handy
That the birds may drink their fill.

Robin, oriole and swallow
Like to keep cool, as do we,
And their thankful songs will follow
If their friend you prove to be.



— Photo by Alvin M. Peterson
"Last one in is a hard-boiled egg!"

PAGES



"Tinker"

By Joy Chapman (12)

Tinker is a nice old cat,
Always good and kind;
When Mrs. Burgess tells him things
He's always sure to mind.

He has such pretty big brown eyes,
That are so very bright;
And if you think they're nice today,
Just look at them tonight!

He also has some double paws,
As nice as they can be;
But I hope that when I visit him,
He'll not use them on me!

Russell Knows Better

By Russell Sanderson (8)

ONE day we found a seagull on the beach. It had been shot. My friends and I buried him. We felt sorry for the seagull, because seagulls are useful birds. They eat parts of fish that fisherman do not want. They also help keep our dump clean.

You Have a Lucky Cat

By Eunice Cordeiro (9)

WHEN I first got my baby angora kitten, she was very tiny and thin. Her eyes were as blue as the sky. The people that had her before me kept her in a garage all by herself. When I brought her home, she got all excited and ran all over the house. I kept her in my home; I had a soft blanket for her to sleep on. My daddy brings home fish for her. I give her fresh milk and water. She has horsemeat for a change.

I also brush her every day. She is a very pretty and fluffy cat now, and she isn't nervous any more. We all love her very much.

HAVE YOU SOMETHING TO TELL US?

Or show us? Won't you write and tell us about YOUR pet, or animals you have known, or those you have seen in the yard, woods or fields? All boys and girls through high school age are invited to send us their original short stories and poems about animals. (In the case of poems, please enclose a note from your teacher stating that the poem is your own work.)

Send your stories to the Children's Editor, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass., and we'll print them if we can, or tell you why we can't. If you have a clear, sharply black-and-white photograph of your pet and you, or of an animal doing something unusual, send it along, too. Please be sure to include your name, address, and age.

Calling All Good Scouts

Done your good deed for the day? May we make a suggestion? We're running out of blankets and soft cloth with which to line the patients' cages in our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Will you help?

Maybe your Mom and your neighbors have some old wool, cotton, or linen cloth they'll let you send or bring in to us. We have up to 450 dogs and cats to keep warm and comfortable here while they are getting well, so you can see we use a lot of bedding every day.

Just bundle up as much as you can find and mail it or bring it into our Hospital, at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. We're grateful for every bit!



— Photo by Jack Waters
"Here comes the PARADE!"

When You Need Help

By
*Sylvia G.
Barclay*

**Here's a woman who used
the family pets as a
means of training
three young sons.**

IN RAISING three boys one confronts numerous problems which were solved simply for me by keeping dogs. As the boys grew older, whatever else we did without, Mother always permitted dogs in the house. That was one thing they could depend on.

The simple matter of teaching boys

the fundamentals of birth was solved by the first litter that our first dog had. "Lady Pamela," we called her, and her change while carrying her pups opened my boys' eyes to the necessity for gentleness and thoughtfulness, which I trust they will remember later in life when their wives become mothers.

They learned that birth is not a casual thing, even with animals. They saw what a fine, though strict, mother even a dog must be. Since human life is more complicated, the necessity of my being firm, strict and, sometimes, downright rugged with them was accepted more favorably because they had learned already by watching the dog-mothers.

Issues like not being able to run off because the dogs needed to be fed, or arrangements had to be made for them while we took a trip where they could not go; the innumerable times when food money was short and it was imperative to squeeze out some change for the dogs' medicine or eye salve or flea soap; the times the dogs had to be scrubbed and brushed when there was a favorite radio program on—all these meant that three boys learned many amenities and responsibilities which they might otherwise have had to learn the hard way.

Besides, it was something I, personally, did not have to do; just watching the dogs was enough. Any mother knows

how often a lesson is *better* learned when someone else teaches her boys.

There has been a long procession of dogs through the years, from "Lady Pamela," the beautiful dalmatian, to "Stinker," our latest, a completely self-sufficient damsel of the dachshund breed. Stinker's lessons for the boys have included the necessity of doing an unpleasant duty—as when she buried one of her young that was born dead, and the lesson of try, try again until you succeed—as when she goes from one to the other of us, sitting up over and over again, no matter how long, until she is fed something.

But the finest lesson they have learned, and one which has actually made my raising them much easier, is the beautiful simplicity of a dog's forgiveness. Many were the times when someone inadvertently stepped on Pamela or Stinker or Lucky, but a pat and a quickly spoken "I'm sorry" were all that was necessary, and the dogs let bygones be bygones.

This I think has truly taught my boys the foolishness of revenge, and I believe it will hold them in good stead.

With the proper attitude and a very small expenditure of money on your part, a dog (and two or three are better!) can take the edge off the hard lessons of life, and make life and learning a more enjoyable experience for children.





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In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

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I enclose my check for \$ in payment of Animal
 Calendars.

PLEASE PRINT OR TYPE

NAME

STREET

CITY & STATE

Wording of Imprint (see IMPRINT SERVICE paragraph above)

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